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# Senior Recital: Kevin Fortin, tenor

Kevin Fortin

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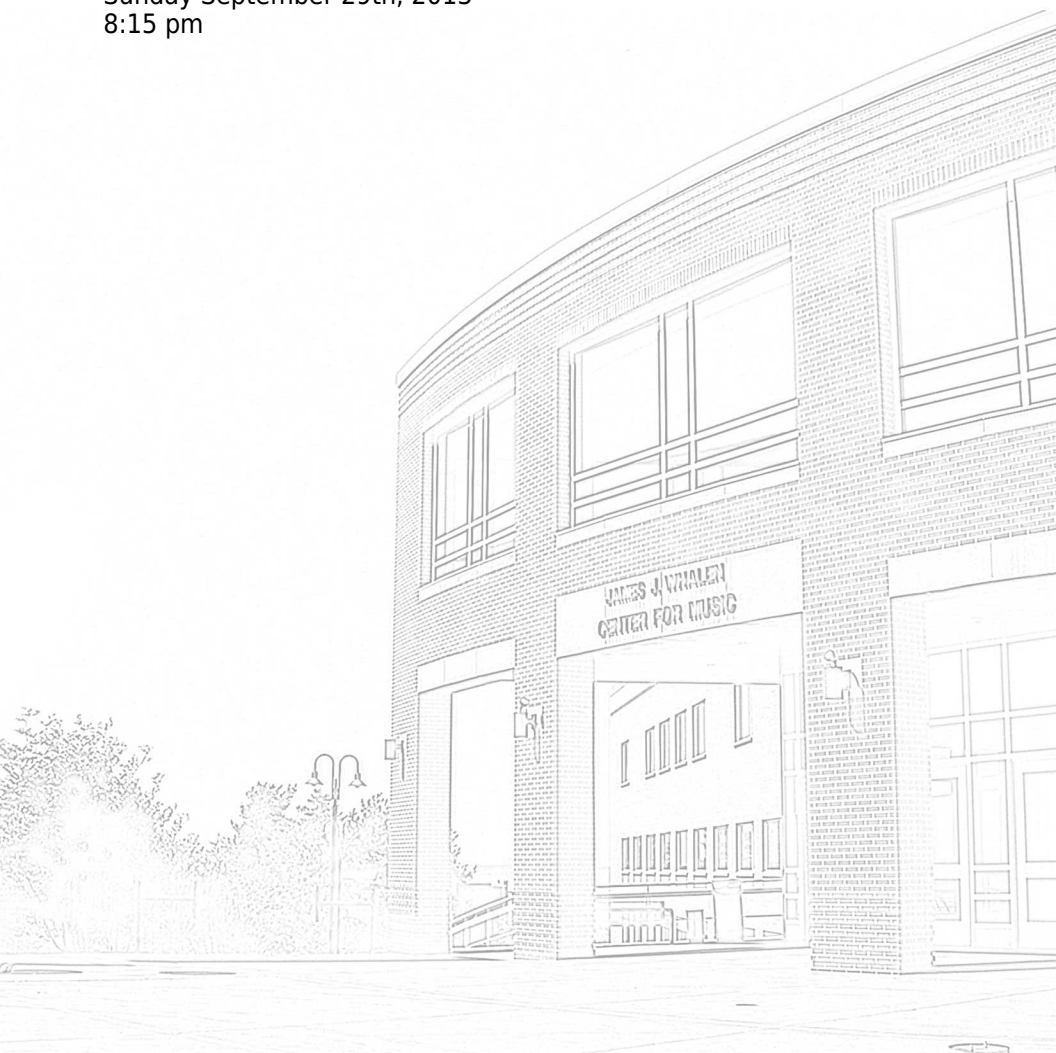
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# Senior Recital:

Kevin Fortin, tenor

Samantha Berry, piano

Ford Hall  
Sunday September 29th, 2013  
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music



# Program

## *Liederkreis, Op. 24*

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

- I. Morgens steh ich auf und frage
- II. Es treibt mich hin
- III. Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen
- IV. Lieb Liebchen, leg's Händchen
- V. Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden
- VI. Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann
- VII. Berg' und Burgen schaun herunter
- VIII. Anfangs wollt ich fast versagen
- IX. Mit Myrthen und Rosen

Ideale  
Addio

Paolo Tosti  
(1846-1916)

# Intermission

## *Banalités*

Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

- I. Chanson d'Orkenise
- II. Hôtel
- III. Fagnes de Wallonie
- IV. Voyage à Paris
- V. Sanglots

## *The Land of Lost Content*

John Ireland  
(1879-1962)

1. The Lent lily
2. Ladslove
3. Goal and wicket
4. The vain desire
5. The encounter
6. Epilogue

"Marry Me a Little"

from *Company*

"Finishing the Hat"

from *Sunday in the Park With George*

Stephen Sondheim  
(b. 1930)

# Translations

## Liederkreis, Op. 24

### **I. Morgens steh' ich auf und frage:**

kommt feins Liebchen heut?  
Abends sink' ich hin und klage:  
Aus blieb sie auch heut.

In der Nacht mit meinem Kummer  
lieg' ich schlaflos, lieg' ich wach;  
träumend, wie im halben Schlummer,  
träumend wandle ich bei Tag.

### **II. Es treibt mich hin,** es treibt mich her!

Nach wenigen Stunden, dann soll ich sie  
schauen,  
sie selber, die schönste der schönen  
Jungfrauen;  
du armes Herz, was pochst du schwer?

Die Stunden sind aber ein faules Volk!  
Schleppen sich behaglich träge,

schleichen gähnend ihre Wege;  
tummle dich, du faules Volk!

Tobende Eile mich treibend erfaßt!  
Aber wohl niemals liebten die Horen;

heimlich im grausamen Bunde  
verschworen,  
spotten sie tückisch der Liebenden Hast.

### **III. Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen**

mit meinem Gram allein;  
da kam das alte Träumen  
und schlich mir ins Herz hinein.

Wer hat euch dies Wörtlein gelehret,  
ihr Vöglein in luftiger Höh'?  
Schweigst still! wenn mein Herz es höret,

dann tut es noch einmal so weh.

"Es kam ein Jungfräulein gegangen,  
die sang es immerfort,  
da haben wir Vöglein gefangen

### **I. In the morning I get up and ask:**

will my fine sweetheart come today?  
In the evening I sink down and lament:  
she has stayed away again today.

In the night with my grief  
I lie sleepless, I lie awake;  
dreaming, as in half slumber,  
dreaming I go about by day.

### **II. It drives me here,** it drives me there!

After a few hours, then shall I see her,  
she herself, the fairest of the fair young  
women;  
you poor heart, why do you pound so  
heavily?

The hours are but a lazy people!  
They drag themselves in sluggish  
comfort,  
They creep yawning along their paths;  
Rouse yourselves, you lazy people!

A raging haste seizes and drives me!  
But the Hours were probably never in  
love;  
sworn secretly into a cruel conspiracy,  
they maliciously mock the lover's haste.

### **III. I walk beneath the trees**

alone with my grief;  
then came that old dream  
and crept into my heart.

Who has taught you this little word,  
you little birds in the airy heights?  
Be still! if my heart hears it,

then it will hurt once more so painfully.

"A young woman walked by,  
who sang it over and over;  
from her we little birds caught

das hübsche, goldne Wort."

Das sollt ihr mir nicht erzählen,  
Ihr Vöglein wunderschlau;  
ihr wollt meinem Kummer mir stehlen,  
ich aber niemandem trau'.

**IV. Lieb' Liebchen,** leg's Händchen  
aufs Herze mein;  
ach, hörst du, wie's pochet im  
Kämmerlein?

Da hauset ein Zimmermann schlimm  
und arg,  
der zimmert mir einen Totensarg.

Es hämmert und klopfet bei Tag und bei  
Nacht;  
es hat mich schon längst um den Schlaf  
gebracht.

Ach! sputet euch, Meister Zimmermann,  
damit ich balde schlafen kann.

**V. Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden,**  
schönes Grabmal meiner Ruh',  
schöne Stadt, wir müssen scheiden,  
lebe wohl! ruf' ich dir zu.

Lebe wohl, du heil'ge Schwelle,  
wo da wandelt Liebchen traut;  
lebe wohl! du heil'ge Stelle,  
wo ich sie zuerst geschaut.

Hätt' ich dich doch nie geseh'n,  
schöne Herzenskönigin!  
Nimmer wär' es dann geschehen,  
daß ich jetzt so elend bin.

Nie wollt' ich dein Herze rühren,  
Liebe hab' ich nie erfleht;  
nur ein stilles Leben führen  
wollt' ich, wo dein Odem weht.

Doch du drängst mich selbst von  
hinnen,  
bittre Worte spricht dein Mund;

Wahnsinn wühlt in meinen Sinnen,  
und mein Herz ist krank und wund.

Und die Glieder matt und träge  
schlepp' ich fort am Wanderstab,

that pretty, golden word."

You should not tell me more of that,  
you wonderfully cunning little birds;  
you want to steal my grief from me,  
but I trust no one.

**IV. Dear sweetheart,** lay your hand  
on my heart;  
ah, do you hear how it pounds in the  
little chamber?

There lives a carpenter, wicked and evil:  
He is building me a coffin.

It hammers and pounds by day and by  
night;  
It has already cost me my sleep.

Ah, hurry yourself, master carpenter,  
so that I can soon sleep.

**V. Beautiful cradle of my sorrows,**  
beautiful gravestone of my peace,  
beautiful town, we must part,  
farewell! I call to you.

Farewell, you sacred threshold,  
Where my dear sweetheart walks;  
farewell, you sacred place,  
where I first saw her.

Had I but never seen you,  
Beautiful queen of my heart!  
Never would it then have happened,  
That should now be so wretched.

I never wanted to touch your heart,  
I never begged for love;  
I only wanted to lead a quiet life,  
near to where your breath wafted.

Yet you yourself drove me away,  
with bitter words spoken from your  
mouth;  
Madness filled my senses,  
and my heart is sick and wounded.

And my limbs are weary and heavy;  
I drag myself forward on my walking

bis mein müdes Haupt ich lege  
ferne in ein kühles Grab.

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden...

**VI. Warte, warte, wilder Schiffman,**  
gleich folg' ich zum Hafen dir;  
von zwei Jungfrau'n nehm' ich Abschied,  
  
von Europa und von ihr.

Blutquell, rinn' aus meinen Augen,  
Blutquell, brich aus meinem Leib,  
daß ich mit dem heißen Blute  
meine Schmerzen niederschreib'.

Ei, mein Lieb, warum just heute  
schaudert du, mein Blut zu sehn?  
Sahst mich bleich und herzeblutend  
lange Jahre vor dir stehn! Oh!

Kennst du noch das alte Liedchen  
von der Schlang' im Paradies,  
die durch schlimme Apfelfabe  
unsern Ahn ins Elend stieß.

Alles Unheil brachten Äpfel:  
Eva bracht' damit den Tod,  
Eris brachte Trojas Flammen;  
Du bracht'st beides, Flamm' und Tod.

**VII. Berg' und Burgen schaun  
herunter**  
in den spiegelhellen Rhein,  
und mein Schiffchen segelt munter,  
rings umglänzt von Sonnenschein.

Ruhig seh' ich zu dem Spiele  
goldner Wellen, kraus bewegt;  
still erwachen die Gefühle,  
die ich tief im Busen hegt'.

Freundlich grüßend und verheißend  
lockt hinab des Stromes Pracht;  
  
doch ich kenn' ihn: oben gleißend,  
  
birgt sein Innres Tod und Nacht.

Oben Lust, im Busen Tücken,  
Strom, du bist der Liebsten Bild!

stick,  
until I shall lay my tired head  
in a cool, distant grave.

Beautiful cradle of my sorrows...

**VI. Wait, wait, wild boatman,**  
soon I shall follow you to the harbor;  
from two maidens I take my leave,  
  
from Europe and from her.

Bloodstream, run from my eyes,  
Bloodstream, burst from my body,  
so that with this hot blood  
I can write down my agonies.

Ah, my dear, why just today  
do you shudder to see my blood?  
You saw me pale with bleeding heart  
for many years standing before you! Oh!

Do you still know that old little song  
of the snake in Paradise,  
who through the gift of the bad apple  
plunged our ancestors into misery?

Apples brought all disaster:  
Eve brought death with it,  
Eris brought Troy's flames;  
You brought both, flames and death.

**VII. Mountains and castles gaze  
down**  
onto the mirror-bright Rhine,  
and my little boat sails on cheerfully,  
lit all around by sparkling sunshine.

Calmly I look on at the game  
of the golden, ruffled waves surging;  
silently awaken in me the feelings  
which I kept deep in my breast.

Friendly greetings and promises  
entice us down ward into the river's  
splendor;  
but I know that when on the surface it  
gleams,  
concealed within is Death and Night.

Above, pleasure; in the breast, deceit;  
River, you are my beloved's image!

Die kann auch so freundlich nicken,  
lächelt auch so fromm und mild.

**VIII. Anfangs wollt' ich fast  
verzagen,**

und ich glaubt', ich trüg' es nie;  
und ich hab' es doch getragen-  
aber fragt mich nur nicht, wie?

**IX. Mit Myrten und Rosen,** lieblich  
und hold,  
mit duft'gen Zypressen und Flittergold,  
möcht' ich zieren dieß Buch wie 'nen  
Totenschrein,  
Und sargen meine Lieder hinein.

O könnt' ich die Liebe sargen hinzu!  
Auf dem Grabe der Liebe wächst  
Blümlein der Ruh',  
da blüht es hervor, da pflückt man es  
ab, -  
doch mir blüht's nur, wenn ich selber im  
Grab.

Hier sind nun die Lieder, die einst so  
wild,  
wie ein Lavastrom, der dem Ätna  
entquillt,  
hervorgestürzt aus dem tiefsten  
Gemüth,  
und rings viel blitzende Funken  
versprüht!

Nun liegen sie stumm und todtegleich,  
nun starren sie kalt und nebelbleich,  
doch aufs neu die alte Gluth sie belebt,  
wenn der Liebe Geist einst über sie  
schwebt.

Und es wird mir im Herzen viel Ahnung  
laut:  
der Liebe Geist einst über sie taut;  
einst kommt dies Buch in deine Hand,  
du süßes Lieb im fernen Land.

Dann löst sich des Liedes Zauberbann,  
die blaßen Buchstaben schaun dich an,  
sie schauen dir flehend ins schöne Aug',  
und flüstern mit Wehmuth und  
Liebshauch.

She can also nod so friendly,  
she also smiles so devout and mild.

**VIII. At first I almost wanted to  
despair ,**

and I thought I could never bear it;  
and yet I have borne it-  
but only do not ask me how.

**IX. With myrtle and roses,** lovely  
and fair,  
with fragrant cypresses and gold tinsel,  
I would decorate this book like a coffin,  
and bury my songs inside it.

Oh if I could bury my love with them!  
On the grave of love grows the blossom  
of peace,  
it blooms forth, one picks it off,  
yet it only blooms for me when I myself  
am in the grave.

Here now are the songs which, once so  
wild,  
like a stream of lava that flowed from  
Etna,  
burst forth from my deepest feelings,  
and sprayed everywhere many glittering  
sparks!

Now they lie silent and death-like,  
now they stare cold and pale as mist,  
but anew the old fire will revive them,  
when one day the spirit of love will  
hover over them.

And it comes into my heart a loud  
premonition,  
the spirit of love will one day thaw  
them;  
one day this book shall come into your  
hand,  
you sweet love in a distant land.

Then the song's magic spell will be  
broken,  
and the pale letters will look at you,  
they'll look pleadingly into your  
beautiful eyes,  
and whisper with melancholy and the  
breath of love.



### **Ideale**

Io ti seguii com'iride di pace  
Lungo le vie del cielo:  
Io ti seguii come un'amica face  
De la notte nel velo.  
E ti sentii ne la luce, ne l'aria,  
Nel profumo dei fiori:  
E fu piena la stanza solitaria  
Di te, dei tuoi splendori.

In te rapito, al suon de la tua voce

Lungamente songai;  
E de la terra ogni affanno, ogni croce  
In quel giorno scordai.  
Torna, caro ideal, torna un istante  
A sorridermi ancora,  
E a me risplenderà, nel tuo sembiante,  
Una novella aurora.

### **Addio**

Cadon stanche le foglie al suol,  
Bianche strisce serpon sull'onda,  
Lieve nebbia nell'aria fonda,  
Sembran freddi i rai del sol.  
Le rondinelle lasciano il nido,  
Verso altro lido, le trae desio:  
Estate, addio!

Una voce lontan,  
"Odi e impara" sembra gridare,  
"Non diverso dall'oggi è il doman.  
Gioia e duolo, polve ed altare."  
Ogni legame mortal si spezza,  
Copre l'oblio fiele e dolcezza.

O speme, addio!

Perchè aspettar tutor, oh! dolce amor?

Un sol bacio mi dà,  
Poscia ten va. Un altro ancor.  
Pegno d'eterno fè da te vogl'io,  
Perchè il tuo cor  
è fatalmente mio:  
Per sempre addio!

### **Ideal**

I followed you like a rainbow of peace  
along the paths of the sky:  
I followed you like a friendly torch  
in the veil of the night.  
And I sensed you in the light, in the air,  
in the perfume of the flowers:  
and my lonely room was full  
of you, and of your splendors.

Entranced by you and by the sound of  
your voice,

I dreamed for a long time;  
And every earthly worry, every torment,  
I forgot that day.

Return, dear ideal, return for an instant  
and smile upon me again,  
and in your face will shine for me  
a new dawn.

### **Goodbye**

The leaves fall wearily to the ground,  
white stripes twist on the wave,  
the air is blended with a light mist,  
the rays of the sun seem cold.  
The swallows leave the nest,  
wishing to fly hastily to another shore:  
Summer, goodbye!

A distant voice,  
"Listen and learn" seems to cry,  
"Tomorrow is no different from today.  
Joy and sadness, dust and altar."  
Break every mortal tie,  
oblivion covers the bitterness and  
sweetness.

O hope, goodbye!

Why wait for a guardian, oh! sweet  
love?

Give me a single kiss,  
and then go. Give me another.  
I want a sign of eternal faith from you,  
because your heart  
is my misfortune:  
for ever goodbye!

# Banalités

## I. Chanson d'Orkenise

Par les portes d'Orkenise  
Veut entrer un charretier.  
Par les portes d'Orkenise  
Veut sortir un va-nu-pieds.

Et les gardes de la ville  
Courant sus au va-nu-pieds:  
"Qu'empportes-tu de la ville?"  
"J'y laisse mon coeur entier."

Et les gardes de la ville  
Courant sus au charretier:  
"Qu'apportes-tu dans la ville?"  
"Mon coeur pour me marier."

Que de coeurs dans Orkenise!  
Les gardes riaient, riaient,  
Va-nu-pieds, la route est grise,  
L'amour grise, ô charretier.

Les beaux gardes de la ville  
Tricotaient superbement;  
Puis les portes de la ville  
Se fermèrent lentement.

## I. Song of Orkenise

Through the gates of Orkenise  
a carter wants to enter.  
Through the gates of Orkenise  
a tramp wants to leave.

And the guards of the town  
run up to the tramp:  
"What are you taking from the town?"  
"I am leaving my entire heart."

And the guards of the town  
run up to the carter:  
"What are you bringing into the town?"  
"My heart so that I can get married."

What a lot of hearts in Orkenise!  
The guards laughed, laughed,  
Tramp, the road is dreary;  
Love intoxicates, oh carter.

The handsome guards of the town  
knitted superbly;  
Then the gates of the town  
closed slowly.

## II. Hôtel

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage,  
Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre.

Mais moi qui veux fumer pour faire des  
mirages  
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette.

Je ne veux pas travailler - je veux fumer.

## II. Hotel

My room has the form of a cage.  
The sun passes its arms through the  
window.

But I want to smoke to make  
smoke-pictures,  
I light my cigarette with the fire of the  
day.

I do not want to work - I want to smoke.

### III. Fagnes de Wallonie

#### Tant de tristesses plénières

Priront mon coeur aux fagnes désolées

Quand las j'ai reposé dans les  
sapinières

Le poids des kilomètres pendant que  
râlait  
le vent d'ouest.

J'avais quitté le joli bois  
Les écureuils y sont restés  
Ma pipe essayait de faire des nuages  
Au ciel  
Qui restait pur obstinément.

Je n'ai confié aucun secret sinon une  
chanson énigmatique  
Aux tourbières humides

Les bruyères fleurant le miel  
Attiraient les abeilles  
Et mes pieds endoloris  
Foulaient les myrtilles et les airelles  
Tendrement mariée

Nord

Nord

La vie s'y tord  
En arbres forts  
Et tors.

La vie y mord  
La mort

À belles dents  
Quand bruit le vent

### IV. Voyage à Paris

Ah! la charmante chose  
Quitter un pays morose  
Pour Paris  
Paris joli  
Qu'un jour dût créer  
l'Amour.

### III. Moorlands of Walloon

So much overwhelming sadness  
took over my heart on the desolate  
moors

where I rested weary among the fir  
trees, unloading  
the weight of the kilometers

while the wind of the west moaned.

I had left the pretty woods.  
The squirrels stayed there.  
My pipe tried to make clouds of smoke  
in the sky  
which remained obstinately clear.

I did not confide any secret except an  
enigmatic song  
to the damp peat-bog.

The heather fragrant with honey  
attracted the bees,  
and my aching feet  
trod the billberries and blueberries  
tenderly brought together.

North!

North!

There life twists itself  
in trees that are strong  
and gnarled.

There life bites  
death

with strong teeth  
when the wind howls.

### IV. Trip to Paris

Ah! What a charming thing  
To leave a gloomy place  
For Paris  
Lovely Paris  
Which, once upon a time, must have  
been created  
By Love.

## V. Sanglots

Notre amour est réglé par les calmes  
étoiles  
Or nous savons qu'en nous beaucoup  
d'hommes respirent  
Qui vinrent de très loin et sont un sous  
nos fronts

C'est la chanson des rêveurs  
Qui s'étaient arraché le coeur  
Et le portaient dans la main droite...  
Souviens-t'en cher orgueil de tous ces  
souvenirs  
Des marins qui chantaient comme des  
conquérants.  
Des gouffres de Thulé, des tendres  
cieux d'Ophir  
Des malades maudits, de ceux qui  
fuiant leur ombre  
Et du retour joyeux des heureux  
émigrants.

De ce coeur il coulait du sang  
Et le rêveur allait pensant  
À sa blessure délicate ...  
Tu ne briseras pas la chaîne de ces  
causes...  
...Et douloureuse et nous disait:  
...Qui sont les effets d'autres causes  
Mon pauvre coeur, mon coeur brisé  
Pareil au coeur de tous les hommes...  
Voici nos mains que la vie fit esclaves  
...Est mort d'amour ou c'est tout comme

Est mort d'amour et le voici.  
Ainsi vont toutes choses  
Arrachez donc le vôtre aussi!  
Et rien ne sera libre jusqu'à la fin des  
temps  
Laissons tout aux morts  
Et cachons nos sanglots

## V. Sobs

Our love is ruled by the calm stars.

Now we know within us that many  
people breathe  
who came from far off and are one  
under our brows.

This is the song of the dreamer  
who has torn out his heart  
and carries it in his right hand...  
Remember, dear pride, all these  
memories  
of the sailors who sang like  
conquerors,  
of the chasms of Thule, of the soft  
skies of Ophir,  
of the accursed sick, of those who flee  
their shadows,  
and of the joyous return of the happy  
immigrants.

This heart that ran with blood;  
and the dreamer went on thinking  
of his wound which was delicate...  
You will not ever break the chain of  
these causes  
...and painful; and to us he said:  
...which are the effects of other causes.  
"My poor heart, my heart that is broken  
like the hearts of all men...  
Here are our hands which life had  
enslaved.  
"...has died of love, or so it seems,

has died of love and here it is.  
That is the way of all things.  
"So tear out your hearts too!"  
And nothing will be free until the end  
of time.  
Let us leave everything to the dead  
and let us hide out sobs.

